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THE SIDNEY CENTRE CENTENNIAL
CELEBRATION AT SIDNEY CENTRE:
DEL.CO.,N.Y., JUNE 28, 1892

✓

THE
SIDNEY CENTRE
Centennial Celebration.

AT
SIDNEY CENTRE, DEL. CO. N. Y.

JUNE 28,

1892.

SIDNEY, N. Y.
EMPIRE PRINTING CO.
1892.

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❖ The Program. ❖

Those having the matter in charge arranged the following program for the day:

10:00 A. M.

Address of Welcome,

H. B. SEWELL.

Response,

L. B. SMITH, of Binghamton.

Historical Address,

H. W. DEWEY.

Poem,

MRS. EDITH VORHEES, of Brooklyn.

1:00 P. M.

Poem,

HON. IRA E. SHERMAN, of Sidney.

Oration,

HON. T. SANDERSON, of Walton.

Personal Reminiscences,

Old Residents of Adjoining Towns.

7:00 P. M.

History of the Baptist Church,

MRS. M. E. FISHER.

History of M. E. Church,

REV. C. B. PERSONEUS.

Congratulatory Address,

CHAS. H. GEROWE.

my grandfather
COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

✓ G. E. BEAKES,

D. D. CURTIS,

REV. C. B. PERSONEUS,

H. W. DEWEY,

MRS. E. R. WATTLES,

MRS. M. E. FISHER,

MRS. J. S. FITCH.

PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

The honor of first suggesting the propriety of holding a Centennial Celebration at Sidney Centre properly belongs to the officers and members of our Literary Society, several months prior to the important event.

The feeling manifested was very strong, and after consultation with prominent citizens and due consideration of the subject, it was decided that at the proper time we celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of our settlement.

Not having a hall sufficiently large to accommodate the great number of people expected to assemble, the Literary Society at once proposed that we erect a wigwam with a seating capacity for one thousand people, and the move being seconded by our townspeople, who contributed liberally toward the expense, the committee immediately ordered the lumber to be delivered on the ground; and under the direction of the carpenters, assisted by volunteer labor, the great building, as if by magic, sprung into existence.



THE EVENTFUL DAY, JUNE 28TH.

The day preceding the celebration was dark and rainy, and the committees in charge were sorely discouraged ; but Tuesday morning a streak of blue sky appeared in the western horizon and the blessed sunshine, with a cool breeze, raised our expectations to the highest point of interest. About 9 o'clock the people from adjoining neighborhood and towns began to assemble in great numbers, and Main street was literally packed with people listening to the band playing the national airs, and the buildings being decorated with flags presented a pleasant and attractive appearance.

At 10:30 o'clock the spacious wigwam was filled to its utmost capacity with an attentive audience of nearly one thousand people; and outside in every available place for seeing or hearing, were grouped eager listeners.

The stage was beautifully decorated by the ladies of Sidney Centre, and upon the platform were the vocal musicians, the aged people and the speakers.

The presence of the aged people seemed like a benediction, and their remarks relative to scenes and incidents at early dates were full of interest. We would say further, that the writer of this sketch received many valuable letters and communications from different sources, every one expressing their hearty approval of the contemplated celebration and their anxiety to attend; and from others regretting their inability to be present, some of which will appear in this volume.

We are pleased to note that our distinguished visitors and all the people seemed pleased with the hospitality of the good people of Sidney Centre, and that the exercises from calling the assembly to order, to the benediction, were a pronounced success, and that the meeting adjourned to meet at same place, June 28, 1992.

E. R. W.

THE CELEBRATION.

The meeting was called to order by Mr. Albert H. Simpson in the following language :

Doubtless most present are aware of the fact that we have in our village a society known as the Progressive Literary Union. It has been the custom of this society, since its organization to hold annually a reunion. While discussing plans for such a gathering this year, our attention was called to the fact of this being the one hundredth anniversary of the settlement of this locality. After due consideration it was decided to enlarge upon our usual exercises, and invite all residents, as well as people from adjoining towns, to unite with us in celebrating our Centennial. As president of the Progressive Literary Union, it becomes my duty to call this gathering to order, and request that you name a chairman of the day.

Mr. H. B. Sewell then presented the name of Mr. George E. Beakes. The name being duly supported, Mr. Beakes took the chair and proceeded to carry out the program as follows :

H. B. SEWELL'S ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By direction of the committee on arrangements it becomes my duty to extend to you who are gathered here upon this interesting occasion, the hand of welcome.

The task is not a difficult, but a pleasant one. But I hesitate when I look around me and see these white-haired patriarchs, feeling perhaps I am occupying time which rightfully belongs to them.

But be that as it may, let me say to those, if any there be here today who never before have visited this hamlet, and to those who in years past we knew as neighbors, and who have wandered to other climes, and returned again this centennial year ; and to all others within the sound of my voice, I welcome you one and all.

The happenings of a century ago must be with us today a matter of History.

They who lived in those days are now sleeping beneath the mother earth, and the green grass is waving and the flowers are blooming over their graves in yonder cemetery, and our great love for them keeps their memory ever fresh.

But when we speak of three-score years and ten, yea four-score years ago, we have them with us to-day, with the glow of health still upon their cheek, and though their hair is white with the frosts of so many winters we present them to you to-day embalmed by the hand of Providence, with recollections as clear as the noon-day sun, and they welcome you, too.

Many, many are the changes since Washington was re-elected President in 1792. It was then that the glorious flag under which we live numbered but fifteen stars, and today counts forty-four. Those were the days when these United States of ours contained a population of only 4,000,000 souls, and today we count over 60,000,000.

There have been bloody wars and devastating floods and fires and epidemics, which have caused many sad hearts and many desolate homes. And there have been many victories and successes out of which we have gained a free country, a united people, and the noblest and most glorious government the world has ever known.

Less than a century ago up and down these valleys and over these hills could be heard the echo of the woodman's ax and the sound of the falling oaks in the mighty forest, out of whose dominion you now see the happy homes of those who glory in their fertile acres. The traveler of long ago who with his oxen and cart trudged with snail-like pace across these mountains in quest of some secluded spot in which to pitch his tent and partake of his corn-bread and venison, to-day is drawn along with the iron horse at lightning speed over the railroad, and they drop you down in our beautiful village of Sidney Centre to feast upon strawberry short-cake in the winter time.

My friends, we welcome the scientific improvement and the healthy growth of our town and village—in fact everything that tends to beautify our homes, and make our lands more valuable and productive.

I am glad to look around and see so many of our own townspeople with us upon this occasion; but it is still more delightful to see the representatives of other towns. It is a reminder to us that the relations with them established in the past has not been forgotten, and that the friendship which existed in the long ago has been handed down from one generation to another and is two-fold stronger to-day than ever before. It is right that it should be thus, because these broad acres which we now claim by rights of a municipal corporation, less than a century ago we only held as tenants in common with you. We sent out a general invitation

to you and your presence is the response, and the doors of our homes have swung back upon their hinges and we bid you enter, take full control, and let nothing stand between you and a day of happiness. You have given us what we asked, freely ; and we will return to you the best our homes afford, and thus establish the fact that reciprocity is a success.

If I could hope, without presumption, that any humble counsel of mine, on this anniversary could be remembered beyond the hour of their utterance, and reach the ears of my townsmen in future days. If I could borrow the masterly pen of Jefferson, or could command the matchless tongue of John Adams, when he poured out appeals and arguments which moved men from their seats and settled the destinies of a nation. If I could catch but a single spark of those electric fires which Franklin wrestled from the skies, and flash down a word, a phrase, a thought along the magic chords which stretch across the ocean of the future, what would I say ?

I could not refrain from reminding the people, and press upon them a just and generous consideration for the interests and the rights of their fellow men, everywhere, and an earnest effort to promote peace and good-will among their neighbors and friends.

And it becomes our bounden duty to render thanks unto our forefathers for their good examples of virtue, sobriety, generosity and truthfulness, which has carved and moulded the present out of the past, and the profit which has been derived from efforts to emulate them.

But could I stop there, and hold out to the future generation, as the result of a long life of observation and experiences, nothing but the principles and examples of men ? Let us not turn a deaf ear to the undisputed fact that there is today, and ever has been, an invisible being, which has controlled the actions of men ; that by His hand is the earth clothed with its mantle of loveliness, and that by His hand and through His kindness and love are we allowed to drink from the cup of prosperity, and when welcoming the preservers of our nation, our towns and homes, let us not forget to extend a much greater welcome to Him who created it and has ever since kept it.

Once more, and to all, who are gathered here, in behalf of the citizens of Sidney Centre, I extend a cordial welcome, trusting that this day will prove of interest and joy to all, and that each of us may be strengthened in love and esteem for those, the benefit of whose lives we are reaping, year by year, and when another century shall roll away may we be remembered with those who have gone before us, as benefactors of our race.

MR. L. B. SMITH, of Binghamton, N. Y., made the following response to the "Address of Welcome":

MR. L. B. SMITH'S RESPONSE.

In response to your kind invitation, we are gathered here today.

We thank you for it, and for your able address of welcome upon our return to the home of our childhood. We find great satisfaction in being with you on this occasion; we rejoice to see what enterprise and toil have accomplished.

How much must we admire the courage which has created out of those primeval forests these valuable and productive farms, one hundred years ago the home of savages and wild beasts. Can we fairly estimate the stout-heartedness of our ancestors, in undertaking, under the existing circumstances, such an enterprise as would provide a home for themselves and their posterity.

I wish to consider for a few moments, enterprise, progress, and their results. It is said in our National Constitution, and with truth, that all men are created equal and with certain inalienable rights, such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; but to say all men are born equal simply, is fallacious.

Individually we are created and born under most varying circumstances, some rich, some poor. Our Creator has bestowed more talents upon one than upon another, but he requires only that each improve upon the talents given, to the best of his ability. We remember that the Lord approved of the increase the steward made on the five talents, as of that of him who had the ten talents. Moreover, some are born with more enterprise than others. Some have enterprising parents who train and educate them, while others are deprived of all educational advantages through the laxness of their parents. Yet, occasionally some of these unfortunate ones overcome all hinderances and become great and useful members of society.

Now real enterprise makes progress and arrives at results such as warrant the celebration of today.

In proof of this I might cite the condition of our ancestors. Let our imaginations take us back one hundred years. We see this country an uninhabited wilderness; no roads, no mark of location, no facilities for travel, commerce or industries of any sort, nothing which would serve as a nucleus to civilization.

As much as to any other growth, to civilization a nucleus, a starting point, is necessary.

How to clear the first acre, how to first break the sod, how to sow the first crop, how to reap the first harvest, how to maintain the family while the field ripens, were questions which our fathers had to meet. And how they met them, every-

thing around bears testimony. History tells us that before 1793 there were some persons settled here, but their courage failed and they withdrew. But 1793 brings a man of true enterprise and religious zeal, Mr. Jacob Bidwell. Very soon after, my father, Capt. Samuel Smith, moved into what is known as Smith's settlement. About this time there were four families settled from two to four miles from him and he was obliged to cut a road for four miles into the wilderness to get at the place he had purchased.

From these sturdy pioneers the settlement has increased until it is what you see now.

Your valuable farms, your highways, your railroads, your pretty village with its churches, stores, hotel, and mechanic shops, do they not show what true enterprise and toil will accomplish? These pioneers reared large families whose members are widely scattered throughout the country, and, so far as I know, have made useful and respected citizens notwithstanding the disadvantages of their youth; while many have passed into eternity.

And so we see these families with their children and their children's children spreading out over the country as a tree spreads out its branches. Nor has the zeal of our fathers died with them; it still lives and gains strength as time goes on. Business, that pulse on which we lay our hand if we would feel the community's heart-beat, is quickening the activity of its trade. The nature of the country no longer shuts you off from the busy outside world. You are that world in part for you now mingle and have intercourse with it. And it is upon this, the evidence of your prosperity that we congratulate you. As I have said we are glad to be with you. We are interested, deeply interested in all that concerns you, for are we not a part of you? As we come back to the scenes of our childhood, we feel that we have lost none of our affection for them and our hearts are full of tenderness and praise. Let us congratulate you again upon this occasion. These occasions are to life what an oasis is to the desert, a green spot, a resting place at which we may tarry for awhile, reflecting on the past and hoping for the future. As we stand today, our hand in yours, we are gladdened by your greetings, feeling our hearts beating in unison with yours and more closely knit than ever before.

And we older ones, who are walking in the evening of life, and the shadows of whose lives have so long been lengthening, as we see these signs of progress, intellectually and commercially, our hearts are uplifted by a profound and unspeakable joy that we may have played some unappreciable part in effecting this end. And be it our only wish, that in time to come, your untiring and insuperable zeal may attain the reward it so deservedly demands.

MR. H. W. DEWEY, Historian of the Day, was then introduced to the audience, and delivered the following Historical Address :

MR. H. W. DEWEY'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen :

According to arrangement, I am to speak to you of the history of this valley in which we are assembled. Although I have in some respects found my sources of information very meagre, yet I trust I may be able to relate to you some incidents of interest, or present a few facts before unknown to you. History is the narration of events, but in order to correctly understand the history of any period, it becomes necessary to know something of preceding periods. Every event has its influence. Every word spoken, yes, even our unuttered thoughts have their influence. The business of to-day, the failures, the triumphs of to-day, are but interpretations of the struggles of yesterday. Really there are no separate days, nor weeks, nor months.

Divisions like these are arbitrary. What we call today is but a continuation or enlargement of what we call yesterday, so you see events must be understood if at all, in the light of previous events.

Briefly then, let us study the years closely preceding the coming of the white man to this part of Sidney. When the Continent was discovered it was found to be inhabited by a powerful and savage race of people, living in tribes or clans, and each tribe maintaining its own separate government. At the time the first white settlers came into this part of the State there existed a strong confederation of tribes known as the Iroquois or Five Nations. Their territory commencing in Delaware Co. extended as far north as the St. Lawrence river. Bordering the lands of the Iroquois in this county lay the lands of the Delawares, a strong tribe whose possessions extended south to the Potomac. As these were the tribes with whom our early settlers had to deal, let me say that they are described in history as being powerful, warlike and savage. I desire in passing, more to notice the early settlements in the different parts of town and begin by saying that the pioneer settler in Sidney was Rev. Wm. Johnston, who came to where the village of Sidney now is, in the year 1772. Mr. Johnston found located there a band of Husatunnuk Indians, with whom he soon formed a friendly acquaintance, but five years later the Johnstons and others that had come in were obliged to flee from their homes to save themselves from the attack of a band of Mohawk Warriors under command of Joseph Brant, of infamous and bloody memory. The second settlement of white people in

Sidney was made upon the Ouleout. In the year 1734 Sluman Wattles came from Connecticut and located on what is known as the Wm. Taylor farm. The following year Mr. Wattles went back for his family which he brought with him on his return. In the course of this journey it is recorded, a little girl was born to them. This babe said to have been the first white child born in Delaware County, afterwards became the wife of Col. Wm. Dewey, and the mother of the late Wm. Dewey Jr, Ralph S. Dewey, and several daughters, all deceased. Mrs. Dewey might with much propriety be regarded as a veritable child of the forest. The Indians very often took her away with them to their wigwams, while she was yet a baby, where they would array her in the richest of Indian costume, unstintingly adorned with beads and feathers. Mr. Wattles, I should say, was a prominent man of his time. He was the first Judge of Delaware County, he was a partner with Livingston and others in the ownership of the track of land described in the Livingston Patent, and came to Sidney for the purpose of making surveys and laying out the land in lots to be sold or leased for farming purposes. Rev. Nathaniel Wattles, a son of Judge Wattles, and father to the older generation of those still living with us who bear the family name, was a man of unusual intellectual power and moral worth.

Leaving the Ouleout we find the next settlement, and the one of especial interest to us on this our Centennial year, was made upon the Carr's Creek, near this point one, hundred years ago. The names of the families that located here in 1792, making this the Centennial year are lost to us, but the name of Jacob Bidwell, the first permanent settler who came and located on the farm where I now live, in 1793, will, I trust, never lose its place in our local history; indeed I think the coming of the patriarch with his good wife Martha, marks the dawning of what I choose to call the period of peace; the beginning of a distinct epoch is marked by this event. The settlements already spoken of, in the other parts of our town, belong properly to the history of an earlier period. The coming of "Uncle Jacob," as he was familiarly known, was some years after the close of the Revolutionary War, peace was fully restored, Indian hostilities had ceased, and though living in a dense wilderness, far removed from neighbors and friends, still the settlers of this period could feel that they were in a white man's land, and that the strong arm of the law would protect their lives and property. Do not therefore understand me as saying that they had no battles to fight, for though I fail in everything else I hope to cause you to realize something of the sufferings, the hardships, the trials of the early pioneers; many a man whose martial deeds are recorded on the historic page did not possess a tythe of the courage

expressed in some of these unnoted lives, struggling to redeem the wilderness and build for themselves homes.

In the year 1793, Mr. Bidwell with his family, started over the hill from the Ouleout to the place of their new home. The winter following was one of unusual severity, and the snow was deep. Although they laid away a store of supplies deemed amply sufficient to carry them through the winter months, yet long before spring came they began to realize the terrible fact that their stock of provisions would not hold out until warm weather came again.

One day Uncle Jacob, who had been studying the question of supplies, came to his wife and said, "it is no use deceiving ourselves; the weather is cold and a long time before summer yet, the provisions are almost gone, there can be no other way, we must starve." How do you suppose the good wife received the news? Ah! My hearers, it was not news, but, after a few moments reflection, she said, "Jacob, God won't let us starve. Go out into the woods, fix a boiling place, and tap some trees. The sun is already shining brighter than before and the sap will run. You gather it and bring it in, I'll boil it down. I'll make the sugar." Uncle Jacob did as he was bid, and now said his wife, after the sugar was made, "Jacob, you put on your snow-shoes and start out with the sugar, and somewhere you will find a settler who will give you meal for it. Make the deal and bring home the meal." As before, her instructions were regarded; the meal was found, and they didn't starve. Was there ever a more beautiful illustration of faith and works?

A little time ago, I visited the old cemetery on Mr. Simpson's farm. There I found the graves where side by side were laid the forms of Uncle Jacob and Aunt Martha Bidwell. The plain, marble slabs that mark the spot give only the date of birth and death. Let us all inscribe upon the tablet of our hearts, the story of these simple, faithful, yet heroic lives.

Continuing the search for pioneers, we find that in 1795, Captain Samuel Smith located in the part of Sidney now known as Franklin Depot, and for many years afterwards this neighborhood was known as Smith Settlement. The gentleman from Binghamton, who so earnestly responded to the address of welcome, is one of a large family of sons of Captain Smith, and from him I learn that his father came here from Bennington, Vt., and settled on the farm now owned by Richard Ostrander. The father of Captain Smith was killed at the battle of Bennington. Over half a century ago, the aged and much respected couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Burdick, came to Smith Settlement from Dutchess county. The father of Mr. Burdick was a Revolutionary soldier; he was with Gen'l Washington at the surrender of Cornwallis, and was present at the trial and ex-

ecution of Major Andre. Mr. Burdick told me, that, with the help of his wife, he had cleared up 350 acres of heavy timber land. Mrs. Burdick also told me that during one winter when Mr. Burdick was sick she did all the out door chores alone, besides threshing all the grain they raised that season herself, by hand flail. In addition to doing the every-day round of household work, and rearing a large family of children, Mrs. Burdick was often seen helping her husband "log it" in the woods. Mr. Burdick is now eighty-five years old and his "help-meet" is eighty-six. They have lived happily together for thirty-five years.

This valley was for many years known as Carr's Creek after the stream running through it. The stream was named after a Mr. Carr who built a saw mill on its banks at an early date. For several years this neighborhood bore the name of "Tripoli," a name given in derision by Henry Bradley, and the inhabitants were "Tripolians." The people of the Ouleout and river valleys seem to have taken a strong dislike to the settlers here. Mr. Bradley, who was an intelligent man, easily became the leader of a following that lost no opportunity to annoy the people here. Mr. Bradley wrote a comic history of "Tripoli," which stated that the principal product of the soil was leeks. On one occasion when the Ouleouters were gathered at Beach's Tavern for a frolic, (everybody drank liquor in those days) they held a mock trial. It was charged that Joseph Niles in defiance of the laws, customs, and traditions of the "Tripolians" had hung his barn doors with iron hinges, whereas their statutes expressly stated that nothing but leather should be used. Mr. Joseph Niles came here at an early date. He was drafted in the war of 1812, but hired a substitute for \$25.00.

The name Sidney Centre was given at the time of the establishment of the first post office here. The town of Sidney was named by John Mandeville, a British school master, in honor of Sir Sidney Smith, a British Admiral. In passing it may be well to mention that the Catskill turnpike was built in 1800 and a tavern was kept nearly every mile on the road. Liquor was then sold at 3 cents per glass and the license fee was (\$5.00) five dollars. Negro slaves were kept in Delaware County as late as 1818. The Albany and Susquehanna R. R. was completed from Albany to Sidney in 1867. The Midland R. R. was completed from Oswego to Sidney Centre in 1870. The first school-house built in the Sidney Centre District was located near where the barns of George A. Simpson now stand. One of the first teachers was Miss Lydia Knapp, afterwards the wife of Daniel S. Dickinson.

Garret Dedrick kept the first store in Sidney Centre. Wm.

Smith was the first post master here. The first town-meeting in town was held at the residence of Jonathan Bush, on the Ouleout.

Mr. Wm. M. Johnston, of Pennsylvania, in speaking of himself in a letter recently written, says, "I might say, and truthfully, too, that I helped swing the axe right and left to cut off most of the timber where the beautiful village of Sidney Centre now is," and adds, "our lives were almost centered in our manual labor." Again he says, "Michael Smith was a good wood chopper. Harry Johnston was the best chopper in the county in 1835. Samuel Niles was a good mower and reaper with a sickle. Oliver McIntyre was one of the very best mowers in the town of Sidney. Launt Thompson was the only man who could go barefooted the year through."

Many interesting events might be named if time would allow, but presume I have said enough to remind you of the great changes that have taken place, or some of them. One hundred years ago might now and then be seen a curl of smoke above the tree tops, one here, another yonder, miles away, perhaps, marking the spot where some settler had built a cabin home. In the place of this scene we have beautiful farms, substantial farm buildings, all the modern implements of tillage. We have our handsome little village, nestling here between the hills, with its churches, stores, shops and factories. In the place of going to Catskill to market our products and get family supplies, we are brought in direct communication by railroad and steamboat lines, with all the markets of the world. What does all this change mean? Let me tell you. There is nothing in this world worth having but what represents labor. There is not an invention, not an improvement of any kind, not even a thought worthy of utterance that has not indelibly stamped upon it, so many days, or so many hours of hard work. The generations that came before have been doing the work. Let us acknowledge the debt we owe them.

Thus have I passed hastily over a long period,—an hundred years. We are standing upon the threshold of a new era. This Centennial marks the beginning of a new century. Am I right in this statement? Looking over my audience I see the faces of children, bright happy children. I am glad they are here, their presence adds cheer to the occasion. I see also the young man and the maiden, they too are on the sunny side of life, their dreams are all of great things to come. This celebration must indeed represent the dawning of better times to them. Looking again I see men of middle life, the men of the store, the shop, the farm, what does this gathering mean to us? Of course we are young yet, and it must mean the be-

ginning of a new era, although by looking closely I can see that the silver threads are already generously sprinkled amongst the golden ones, reminding us that we too are growing old.

But my friends there are still another class to whom this Anniversary has its meaning, and speaking of this class let me say that the most beautiful, the grandest sight my eyes have yet beheld is the picture we have here of Old Age. I look upon the babe in its mother's arms, a perfect picture of innocence and beauty, and then I think of the young men and women that have taken the wrong way in life, I think of the terrible temptations that are sure to come and I tremble for the child, but as I look upon these old men and women no such thoughts are suggested. They have passed the meridian of life, they have nearly reached the station where they are to get off. They have been tempted; they have been tried; they have conquered. The bended forms, the faded cheeks, the wrinkled brows and whitened locks, seem to vanish from our sight, as we behold only the crowning years of well spent lives.

What then, I ask, does this gathering mean to these old people? Is this to them the beginning of a new century? Oh, no; rather the closing of an old one. Their thoughts are going back today to childhood scenes. They remember the days of their youth and the time when with firm and meaning tone they repeated the words that bound them for life to the one of their choice. They remember the busy years that followed, and how they labored together to pay up the mortgage on the home. They remember the friends and neighbors of those years, but they are not here to-day.

I hold in my hand a few verses written by Hon. I. E. Sherman, the poet of the afternoon, that beautifully express thoughts I know you must be entertaining. The title is "On the Skirmish Line." Please give attention while I read :

Ho! Comrades on the Skirmish Line? All hail!

With pain I look down our thin lines, to see

How fast you fall, the bravest faces pale,

And not a cheer, betok'ning victory.

Our foe is death,

Our lives, a breath—

We only wait his victims soon to be.

I see your gray hairs flying in the breeze,

Your wrinkled faces, battle-scarred and thin,

Your feeble steps—by many signs like these,

I know the fight, you cannot hope to win.
 Retreat is vain,
 Only the slain
 With some defiance, at the Conquerer grin.

Life's great battalions in the rear, they come
 With banners flying, full of life and cheer,
 Their steps in time, with trumpet blare, and drum,
 And ALL elate, with scarce a sign of fear.
 In long array
 They press this way,
 To fill our ranks, so soon to disappear.

Far in the rear, the young, with jest and song,
 And merry dance, strew flowers by the way ;
 And Love's sweet glances, thrill the giddy throng,
 And life is all a merry roundelay.
 How *sweet* the dream !
 How *swift* the stream !
 That on and on, bears youth, and all away.

The middle ranks—See how they press this way !
 Ambitious, proud, self-willed, and very strong
 For Life's great batt'e—they have ceased to play—
 And all intent, they grandly move along,
 With battle hymn,
 And faces grim,
 They face the foe, if, whether right or wrong.

Ho ! Comrades on the skirmish line ? we wait,
 And bide our time. These, soon or late will fill
 Our places here ; and whether soon or late,
 Is not for us—*whenever God shall will*,
 Ho, Comrades mine !
 Our skirmish line
 Grows thin and weak—the very air is chill.

There is something of almost inexpressible sadness in these lines. Let me give you another view of the picture as seen by our aged townsman, MR. S. L. WATTLES. The lines which I will now read are a reply to those just read, and though not intended for the public, I have permission to use them.

Dear Comrade on the Skirmish Line, although
 We soon must meet the enemy and fall,
 Our "pale and wrinkled faces" do not show
 That nearer view of him our hearts appall,
 For a closer gaze
 In the Conquer's face
 Shows us he may be merciful withal.

Our gray hairs only show decreed decay,
 All living things must suffer from their prime.
 Just as the sun goes down from bright noon-day
 Into the darkness of evening time
 The unchanging laws
 Of the Great First Cause,
 Unceasingly work in order all sublime.

In the advancing host of living men
 The feeble "skirmish line" must soon surrender,
 But strong ones in the rear ranks fall ; for when
 Death wants a victim there is no defender,
 He is not beguiled
 By the laughing child,
 The strong young man, nor the maiden tender.

Then comrades standing on the "Skirmish line,"
 If we've so lived our deeds do not shame us
 Let us say to the ranks standing close behind,
 The Roman's words that made his memory famous,
 Who, facing sure death,
 Said, with his last breath,
 Dear Friends "*Morituriri Salutamus.*"

And then let us say as St. Paul said,
 As writ and recorded in Holy History,
 "We have fought the good fight," and have no dread
 Of what the hereafter to us is to be,
 And then we can sing
 Where is thy sting
 Oh Death ! Oh Grave, where is thy Victory.

In conclusion let me say that the grave never yet won a victory, and never will. As the sun going behind the western hills sends back its rays to illumine and make beautiful the heavens, so the elevating and redeeming influences of the lines of all the good of earth will continue to shine down the pathway of the ages, forever and forever.

Almost before it is realized another hundred years will have fled. Then I trust we all, with the generations that have gone before, may be gathered together on the banks of the "river of water of life," and there let us hold our next Centennial.

A poem, "In Memory of Our Early Settlers," was then read by MRS. EDITH VOORHEES, of Brooklyn.

MRS. VOORHEES' POEM.

Far, far away the breakers moan and fret
 Where islands of strange growth and beauty rise.
 No giant forces formed these lands, and yet
 Beneath the azure arch of tropic skies
 A wealth of waving palm trees they upbear,
 For Nature's hand has given most lavishly
 Of all her treasures those most rich and rare,
 As though in tribute to the memory
 Of all the tiny lives built up in these
 Fair, lonely islands of the distant seas.

But who shall say what years or ages long
 Passed by while upward through the calmer sea
 And toward the light, the innumerable throng
 Of coral builders grew? At last the free
 Wild surface-waves were parted, then the white,
 Still moonlight's radiance touched them, or there shone
 Upon each spray-crowned height the golden light
 Of tropic sun. The silent work went on,
 And life on life was builded;—Then a space
 Of ages— then the palm trees' waving grace.

And we, to-day, do hold in tender thought
 The lives on which our lives are safely built.
 Now, looking backward o'er what years have wrought,
 We find this day has come to us all gilt
 And overlaid with golden memories.

What though the hearts so filled with purpose true
 A century ago, are still in this
 Our own bright, peaceful age? What though the dew
 Of heav'n has fallen for these many years
 On mounds where once fell bitter, farewell tears?

What though the toilworn hands are folded there
 Beneath the grasses that grow lovingly
 O'er graves? Set free from all of pain and care
 The earthly part rests on, while full and free
 The sunbeams come, or dark, athwart the cold,
 White stones, the shadows fall. But God is love;
 And deathless souls, thank God, no grave can hold,
 No cold, white stone keep watch and guard above,
 And still with us the deeds, the words endure,
 Of those who gave this age its character.

There may be those who, listening here to-day,
 Will find this place grow dim, while, in its place,
 The faces known amidst their childhood's play
 Will look on theirs with all the old-time grace;
 And voices that they loved in years gone by
 Will sound again like music from the past;
 And mem'ries that all changing years defy,
 Around the heart the old-time charm will cast;
 And who shall say what childish prayer may be
 By aged lips repeated tremblingly.

But, some-day *ours* will be the faces seen
 Through mist of years, while our own words and deeds
 Will have been built upon; and then, serene,
 The sky will bend o'er work that thus succeeds
 Our own. Upon this age's higher plane
 Some build whose years will reach out fair into
 The grander century to be. These gain
 Its vantage ground—a greater breadth of view.
 Yet all foundation still must be the same;—
 Truth, justice, purity and worthy aim.

Behind these grand old sheltering hills to-day
 We pay this tribute to the hearts that gave
 To us our heritage. Thank God, we say,
 That life's true worth and best results no grave
 Can hide! And on those lives of theirs we build
 Our own. So, upward until time shall cease,
 New height shall rise, and all shall be fulfilled
 When He whose wonderous birth-song was of Peace,
 Whose life was Love, the finished work shall bless,
 And so, in blessing, grant it perfectness.

The poem by HON. IRA E. SHERMAN, of Sidney, N. Y., was then read by that gentleman, as follows:

One hundred years! A Century Plant full grown!
 Its bloom complete, its fruitage fully grown.
 A span of life, so marvelous, it seems
 But the creation of man's wildest dreams.
 So great the change between the Old and New,
 It *may be fable*, memory untrue;
 And History's page a chronicle of lies
 Which *half* believed, is still a great surprise.
 We doubt *ourselves*—our very lives they seem,
 In years gone by lost in the haze of dream.

Advancement made on every hand, until
Earth's greatest forces yield to human skill
And do man's bidding ; running here and there
Through the domain of earth, and sea, and air—
Obedient slaves, that know not how to tire,
With nerves of steel, their breath consuming fire.
So strong are they, we stand aside with awe,
As from *real* Demons, unrestrained by law;
So swift are they, that westward, they outrun
The light of day, and tire the patient sun,
Complaining not, as days and days they go
And seek no rest, and no resentment show—
Willing to serve, wherever human skill
Has wheels to turn, or fruitful lands to till.

Years these have been of marvelous increase,
In all the blessings that pertain to peace;
And even War grim visaged, seemed to rise
Above the waste of costly sacrifice,
And at the feet of Thrift and Peace, laid down
Trophies well won, a better life to crown;
It gave to Freedom triumphs, that efface
The wrongs of ages for a subject race—
Knocked off the shackles from the crouching slave,
And gave to Lincoln, God-like power to save
Those dusky millions, in whose lives we saw
God angry ever with unrighteous law.

What hath been done ? We question, and reply
Comes back at once, "*changed human destiny*"—
The earth surprised with a new race, that knows
No bounds to effort, seeking no repose,
But constant action, in some new domain
The Gods approve, and graciously sustain.
Great harvests grown upon a virgin soil
Have brought reward, to all the Sons of Toil :
And starving nations, on our bounties fed
Get not a stone, when asking oft for bread.
Towns have been built, invention taxed, until
All tasks are done, with ease, and greatest skill.
We forge, we weave, the broadest fields are sown,

With toil so light, fatigue is hardly known;
And all the world is schooled at last, and brought
To pay true homage to inventive thought.

The Old World saw, and sturdy workers came
To help us build, subdue, and bind, and tame—
To build our railroads, stopping not to rest,
Till they had found, and peopled half the West;
And half the East, a Babel grown, could hear
In many tongues: words strange to Yankee ear:
And even China, so remote, would try
What she can do, to give us a supply
Of cheaper labor, till our western shore
Cries out "enough! Close quick our open door"

Our Pioneers, a hardy race, and brave
Kept the advance, and to Columbia gave
Great Prairie States rich in exhaustless soil,
And fruits that dropped into the lap of Toil;
And when great mountains in their pathway stood,
They scaled their heights—an untracked solitude—
And very soon still pressing onward, on,
They fed their flocks beside the Oregon.

Whilst others dreamed, behold! their footsteps wait
To gain admittance to the Golden Gate;
And all the stories in old fable told,
Were soon eclipsed in California gold.
New States were formed, and peopled in a day,
Churches were built, and children dared to play,
From school let loose, beneath the shadowy frown
Of mountains old, for centuries looking down
On lake and river, prairie land and wood—
A land unbroken—Nature's solitude.

With honest pride, these wonders we confess—
An Empire wrested from the wilderness;
An arid plain, made fruitful in a day,
Where homes are found, and christian people stay
Content to know, there comes a sure reward
To those who turn with them the prairie sward.

It stirs one's blood, in such a race to run,
When day by day, some great achievement won,
Startle mankind; and forces else untried
Are caught and harnessed, and securely tied
To some great task which they perform, nor tire
Till they fulfill whatever men desire.

The Gods themselves, at last are sorely prest
And question freely. "of what power possessed
Unknown to man?" Though chary of reply,
The question presses; and as years go by,
Little by little, they are forced to share
With mortal men, gifts great beyond compare.

Riches once meant, a *little* stored away,
Just to be ready for some "rainy day ;"
And Millionaires? These were so very rare,
Men stood with awe, before a Millionaire ;
And the great cities more of thousands made
Than millions count in modern Boards of Trade.
Now millionaires, so plentiful are they
They crowd and jostle, walking down Broadway ;
And down in Boston, on a certain street
You're pretty sure, in every man you meet,
To find a Croesus, who could turn a key
On millions stored, for his posterity ;
And on that street, in rows, on either side,
Rich millionaires, in costly homes abide.
In boyhood's days, we used to read of Kings
Rich in great stores of all Earth's costly things—
Of gold and silver—crowns of solid gold,
Sparkling with jewels, wondrous to behold,
And these the spoils of bloody wars, or wrung
From starving subjects, who had voice nor tongue
Complaint to make : but in these latter days,
Wealth *greater* still, is won in other ways.
You question "how?" Enough for us to say,
We win great wealth in a *genteeler way* :
Not always honest, *quite perhaps*, but then
This does not trouble, *modern, honest* men.

Go back with me one hundred years, and see
This fertile valley as it used to be—

Its mighty forests, stretching far and wide—
The tall old pines, the forest's greatest pride,
Crowding the hill-tops—all the vale between
Growing the maple, or, with hemlock green,
And dense of shade, through which the timid deer
Wandered at will, and drank from brooks, so clear,
The spotted trout, in their swift tides could play
Unvexed by foes that seldom passed that way,
Save, now and then, the redman's feet might press
Into these wilds of scarce trod wilderness,
And hungry, weary, ask some tribute paid,
In way of food, from creatures scarce afraid
Of his approach—so little used were they
To savage men, in eager quest of prey.
How still and solemn, these great forests then!
What an abode for any race of men
Wanting a home! What a great task to hew
Their toilsome way, and forests old subdue,
As thither came, one hundred years ago
The sturdy settler only prest to know
What place to choose, where choice was more nor less,
Than an abode in this great wilderness!
Not now, as then. A century ago
Men were content, in toilsome ways to grow
A little corn, a little wheat and rye,
Enough to give a scanty year's supply—
A little flax, its fibre good to spin
For summer clothing—if not very thin,
'Twas cool and wholesome, and would surely wear
For months and months—something no child could tear—
To wield the axe, redoubling stroke on stroke,
Till the tall pines, or gnarled and rugged oak,
With a great crash, made woodland echoes wake
And Earth itself, with seeming terror shake.

When homes were wanted, from these forest trees
The walls were made, built up in shape to please
Their simple tastes; and, roofed with bark, they made
In winter, shelter, and in summer, shade:
Where, summer days, the housewife at her wheel
Sang as she spun, or turned the clicking reel.

In these rude homes, she happy and content,
That toil like hers, for all her loved ones meant
A "deal" of comfort, and the most of wear
In clothing needed; and for all a share;
(A baker's dozen, many households knew)
All fun of fun, though early taught to be
Useful for something. When grown up and free.
They joined the ranks of hardy toilers, strong
For any task, and haters of all wrong,
Lovers of country, patriotic, true
To the best good *their* thought, uncultured knew.

For creeds, their own, they battled with such zeal
They made opposers, in their trenches reel;
And orthodoxy?—woe to those who came
In any guise, their trusted creeds to shame.

A sober race, they did not spurn a jest
That had some meaning, and, they liked the best
That kind of joke, that like an arrow went
Straight to its mark. With what wild merriment
Such jokes were hailed—the laughter, long and loud
Like rippling seas, ran through the jovial crowd.
Sometimes at "loggins," or at "huskin' bees"
With cider plenty, or, New England rum
Moistened their throats; a "bully" could not come
Among them then, but someone would be found
To lay the "bully" stretched, upon the ground—
Perchance by wrestling, or with sturdy knocks
From fists as hard, as their own native rocks.
When foreign foes assailed the land, they knew
Their trusty rifles, in their hands, were true;
And woe to those, was in the fight forgot,
The bold backwoodsman was a fatal shot—
That he was *schooled*, in fact, was bred and born
Holding a rifle, and a powder horn;
And that to use them, natural was as breath,
And fatal *always*, as the shafts of death.

With men like these, were the foundations laid
For wealth and growth, no other land has made;

And thought and purpose, shaped in such a school,
 Has made the Yankee no man's slave, or fool,
 And hard to beat at any game of skill
 Requiring pluck, and most unyielding will ;
 And we, their children, gathered here today,
 To these, our Fathers worthy homage pay ;
 And all west of us *should* be proud to trace
 Ancestral lines to *such* a worthy race.

Over and over let the tale be told,
Virtue is strength and industry is gold ;
 And sturdy manhood, nurtured is the best
 By effort *crowded*—be it east or west—
 And east or west, the old heroic strain
 Is *sure* to win, and *best* achievements gain.

The world was made for workers, not for play--
 Life is no jest, it knows no holiday.
 With every day, some duty must be done,
 Or, what man strives for, cannot well be won.
 The eagle's talons are not lined with fur ;
 Nor is success, without its needed spur
 To goad it on : and Effort, lashed by Need,
 Though it may make the aching muscles bleed,
 Will harden them. The very touch of pain,
 Helps on Endurance some great end to gain.

Thus schooled and tried were these old Pioneers,
 Until, as giants, in those early years,
 Nothing could daunt. They were not afraid
 Of tasks herculean. In the solemn shade
 Of forests old they build their homes, and drew
 From scanty clearings—rugged, wild, and new--
 Their simple food, *oft* scanty, *often* prest
 To share with neighbors, poorer than the rest ;
 And when the night her gloomy mantle spread,
 Around them all, how stealthy was the tread
 Of beasts of prey, their eyes aglow with flame,
 Intent of mischief ; and when morning came,
 How oft the day revealed some loss that meant,

For comforts longed for, months of banishment ;
 And when the winter, through the leafless trees
 Sung his wild anthems, and the chilling breeze,
 For days and days, brought only frost and snow,
 And cold intense ; and children shivering stood
 With hands extended, towards the burning wood,
 Piled to the mantle, and the blaze leaped high
 Through the black chimney towards the frozen sky,
 And still unwarmed ; and every living thing
 Paid fearful tribute to the Winter King—
 Then, *then* it was, the hardy Pioneer
 Knew what care was—thus worked his title clear
 To this fair land; and children of such sires
 Should keep aglow, the old ancestral fires,
 Should cherish virtue, lust and malice hate,
 And Party serve, when party serves the State;
 But when, with fraud, it stains the hands—why then
 Let Party go—the Country calls for men
 Of better mold, whose lineage is shown
 Through lines of heroes, worthy of a throne.

They worship God. Their children *need to rest*
 In the *same* truths, that *served the Fathers best*.
 In the same virtues, growth can *best* be made,
 They loved and cherished. Devils were afraid,
 When they stood up, their faces all aflame
 With holy zeal, demanding in God's name
 Their rights be honored; and Satan, well he knew
 He could do little, with a race *so true*.

But time is passing; let us rise and sing
 "America"—it has an old-time ring
 And as we sing, let all as one, agree
 To swell the strain, "My Country 'tis for Thee."
 God bless our Country ! Keep it free and pure.
 Whilst rivers run, and rocks and hills endure !
 With holy zeal, our tribute let *us* bring—
 Accept, Dear Land ! our loyal offering.
 We're not our own—we owe *ourselves* to Thee,
 Dear Land of hope ! Dear Land of liberty.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

JOHNNY CARR AND SOME OTHER TORIES.

142 WEST 120TH STREET, }
New York, July, 1892. }

DEAR MR. WATTLES:

Your recent celebration must have received the cordial sympathy and approbation of all who know the possibilities that lie in the preservation of early local annals, the care thus taken resulting in benefits lasting to generations far removed from the present. In the upper Susquehanna valley, and in waters tributary to it, it is especially important that whatever knowledge of the early past that now exists should be remembered and transmitted to those who will come after us. Researches will show that at points like Oghkwaga (now corrupted into Oquaga and Ouaquaga) Sidney and Unadilla, the valley possesses a history at once ancient and diversified; that trade and traders, Jesuit and Protestant missionaries, wars and settlements, for probably more than a hundred years before the present century began, had combined to give the valley an importance quite apart from any merely local distinction; that the early history of this valley is in fact an essential part of the history of the Empire State.

An interesting feature of the war period is the influence that war exerted in the valley by Tories, some of the evidences of which remain with us to this day in the names of streams, patents and towns. In regard to these, permit me to send herewith a few paragraphs in response to your kind letter inviting me to contribute to the published record of your proceedings.

Earliest among the wants of pioneers in the Susquehanna valley was the want of a grist mill. It was an earlier want than the want of a saw-mill, because a good ax could cut and hew the logs required for a house, and thus could very well delay the advent of the sawn timber for many years. But with flour to make bread from, the case was different. The hollow top of a

tough stump, or a hollowed out boulder, with stone pestle, soon became quite inadequate to meet the wants of a whole community of settlers. On the headwaters of the Susquehanna, one of the first, if not the actual first, grist mill was built on the creek we call Carr's. It was built a few years before the one Abraham Fuller set up on the Ouleout, and thirty years earlier than the one built on the Binnekill, in Unadilla village. On the Baxter mill site this important industry had been set up some years before 1778 (sixteen later it was burnt by Continental soldiers) and probably as early as 1774.

John Carr, its builder, and the builder also of a saw-mill on the same site, is familiarly known in local annals as a Tory. When Joseph Brant first came to Unadilla from Oghkwaga in June, 1777, Carr was one of those whom he allowed to remain because he had declared himself for the King. Among the others who took this course were men named Dingman, Woodcock and Glasford. The after careers of these Tories is unknown, but John Carr had already done about all that any man could have done in this valley at that time to secure for his name an enduring remembrance. He had built mills on a small stream which for remote generations was to be called after him.

A worthier man than Carr and a devoted friend of the Colonial cause, the Rev. William Johnston, meanwhile was to be denied any such permanent memorial of his labor as a pioneer. In Johnston's lifetime the settlement he had provided was known as the Johnston settlement, but in our times his name is never heard on the soil of Sidney, save as the name of his numerous and honorable descendants. Another worthy name that wants for a geographical memorial is the name of Wattles. Sluman Wattles gave a name to that handsome brook which he was probably the first white man to cross after the war closed, and to him more than to any other man of his time did the Ouleout country become indebted, and yet that country nowhere bears the name of Wattles as a part of the local nomenclature. So, also, his cousin, Nathaniel Wattles, who maintained at the upper Unadilla village bridge a ferry, which as Wattles' ferry was for some years known to thousands of pioneers who there began their voyage in canoes or batteaux. But even this name ceased to exist when a bridge across the stream for the turnpike had been built, and Unadilla village, with the saw-mill and hotel of Daniel Bissell, and the stores of Solomon Martin, Noble Hayes and Stephen Benton had transferred to the other side of the stream the center of trade and travel. That center was to remain unimpaired until the prestige of the Catskill Turnpike was finally shattered by the canal and railroad running along the ancient highway connecting the eastern with the western door of the Long House of the Iroquois.

Another Carr, of John Carr's time, lived well up the Unadilla river in Edmeston. He also was a Tory, and possibly was a relative of John's. His Christian name was Percifer. John Carr's mills were burned in the autumn of 1778, at the time Unadilla was burnt, and besides the mills a house was then standing on the creek.

A few years later the entire upper Susquehanna valley had become a land of despair. Tories, Indians, runaway negroes and deserters were its only inhabitants, and Unadilla was described as "a nest" of disreputable persons. Some of these men lingered at the mouth of the Ouleout, where some Scotch-Irish pioneers from Cherry Valley had planted a settlement before the war, and were afterwards driven back to Cherry Valley unless they took up the English cause, the flag of which was then floating over the fort at Oghkwaga. That some of these Ouleout settlers went over to the enemy is clear, and during the late invasions of the valley by the British army from Canada they acted as guides to the commander.

Carr's name is not the only Tory name that has survived in the geographical nomenclature of this region. The name of Franklin comes, not from the statesman and man of letters, whose fame can be eclipsed only by that of Washington, but from his natural son, William, who espoused the English cause, and, in consequence, nearly broke his aged father's heart. Still another is Edmeston, the namesake of which town was a British officer in the French war, to whom a grant of land in that part of Otsego county was made about the time the Ft. Stanwix treaty fixed the Unadilla river as part of the boundary between the Indians and the English. On these Edmeston lands settled Percifer Carr as an agent of the British officers, and during the war Brant applied to him for food, arms and ammunition. This Carr and his family afterwards met with bad usage at the hands of the Americans.

Still another Tory name is that of Alexander Wallace, of Wallace's Patent, who, by Washington's orders, during the war, was arrested in New York, sent to prison, and afterwards allowed to live on Long Island under a covenant to act a neutral part in the conflict. Wallace's friend and associate, Gouldsbrow Barryan, was a Tory in sentiment, but he had vast landed possessions and conducted himself with such masterly discretion that he survived the conflict free of harm to himself and his estate. A British name of the Revolutionary period is borne by that branch of the Susquehanna which was known to the Indians as the Adaquitancie, and which we know as the Charlotte, its name having come from that estimable German princess who, a few years before Sir William Johnson got his patent to that val-

ley, had arrived in London as the spouse of the third of England's Four Georges.

We cannot call the name of Sidney a Tory name; and yet it came from a devoted and able friend of the fortunes of George III. Sir Sidney Smith had no share in our war; he was then a mere youth, but he had joined the British navy, and, under Rodney, was serving against the French in the West Indies. A few years later, however, he did a deed which filled the whole world with his fame. In Syria he fought along with the Turks and turned back the tide of Napoleon Bonaparte's success there. He thus checked the French progress towards India, where Bonaparte had hoped to rival the earlier conquest of Alexander the Great. Napoleon afterwards said the action of Sir Sidney had changed the history of the world. While praise of him was heard throughout Europe, an English schoolmaster at Sidney caused Sir Sidney's name to be fixed upon as a substitute for Susquehanna Flats, which, some years before, had been allowed to supersede the earlier name of Johnston Settlement.

Oldest of all names in this region are the names Susquehanna, Unadilla and Oghkwaga. The name Susquehanna was in use as early as 1608, twelve years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Oghkwaga had been a trading post probably before 1700, and its antiquity as well as that of Unadilla, as remains have conclusively shown, was much greater. The form in which we now write the word Unadilla is about 115 years old. Brant wrote Tunadilla, which was probably the correct Oneida form of a much older Iroquois word found written in several different ways. The form Unadilla had been used by the whites before the town originally was founded—that spacious town which subsequently supplied the territory for six other towns—and we may probably date its first use from the year 1777, when the State authorities first sent an armed force of men to Unadilla.

Carr's creek was the first of streams within the neighborhood to receive a name not Indian. A further distinction that belongs to Sidney is the antiquity of its western boundary. It dates from 1768, when it was established to prove part of the famous line that divided the lands of George III. from those of the Iroquois. It then constituted the western line of Albany county, and thirty years later became the western line of Delaware county. The line was first laid out by a surveyor named Metcalf.

FRANCIS W. HALSEY.

UNADILLA, N.Y., July 19th, 1892.

E. R. WATTLES, Esq.:

My Dear Sir:—Among an accumulation of papers in my possession that bear evidence of ancient origin, I have found what purports to be the reported proceedings of a great meeting held at Bidwellsburgh. March 13th, 1819, as published in the government organ of that time, *The Tripolitan National Intelligencer*.

As a reminiscence of the jolly pioneers, and their modes of amusement, it would have been admissible to have introduced it at the Centennial celebration. By a recent examination of my heir-loom treasures it has been brought to light, and I herewith send you a copy transcribed from the original. It will serve as a connecting link of the present with the unrecorded events of long ago, and is, perhaps, a document more deserving to be deposited among the historic archives, than anything that tradition supplies.

Hereto annexed I give a key, so far as I am able, to the titled characters mentioned, many of whom were undoubtedly creations of romantic imagination.

Truly yours,

SAMUEL NORTH.

"Nathan the Beloved," was Nathan Shaw.

"Admiral Jeremiah," was Calkins, of Calkin's Mill.

"Edward, the Shack-Master-General," Edward Hughes.

"Uncle John's Pork Barrel," John Blowers.

"Pageville," so called for Benoni Page, who, at that time, lived between Carr's Creek and the Ouleout, near the farm of Samuel W. Cook, and later lived near where Isaac Hodge now resides.

"Archbishop Jonathan," Jonathan Bidwell.

"The Envious Giant," Joseph Niles.

"Levi, Son of the Postmaster-General," was Levi Evans.

"Gould Martin" is a familiar name, but nothing is remembered characteristic of him.

P. S.—The titles conferred were probably ingeniously chosen with reference more to represent what the people were not, than who or what they were. For example, the designation of "High Priest" was bestowed upon Dudley Birge, a notorious horse jockey of his time, who possessed all the characteristics pertaining to that calling.

S. NORTH.

From the Tripolitan National Intelligencer.

BIDWELLSBURGH, March 13th, 1819.

It is with pleasure unbounded that we announce the arrival of His Majesty Nathan the Beloved, at the Seat of Government, escorted by Grandees, Nobility, Heads of Departments, Officers of State, Officers of the Navy, Admiral Sir Jeremiah, Sir Gould Martin, steward of his household, together with the Mayor and corporation of Smithville. He repaired in haste to his Capitol, and as soon as he alighted from his coach he was met at the palace gate by the Crown Prince and lady, and the Arch Duchess of Hungary Bey, to whom His Majesty made a low bow, and did other courtesies to her ladyship. She then requested a private interview with His Majesty at her drawing-room, as she had a communication to make of importance to the nation, to which His Majesty cheerfully agreed, and, with a smile, accompanied her ladyship, who strewed his way with flowers of laurels, over which His Majesty passed rapidly to the Chair of State, where, after the ceremonies of coronation by the High Priest, Dudley Birge, and the Archbishop of Bidwellsburgh, he arose and delivered the following speech, to the great satisfaction of a crowded and attentive loyal audience, and the Grandees of the Empire:

“My Lords, Ladyships and Nobility:

“That it became a Prince of so great a nation to exhibit a degree of diffidence in accepting of the Royal Diadem is the apology which, I hope, will be received for the delay of the speech from the Throne until the last hour allowed by the Constitution. The avidity with which the Crown has been seized by my predecessors on former occasions has been highly injurious to the nation, and to the welfare and population of my kingdom. The thirst which the late Bashaws have had for the treasures and wealth of the kingdom, more than for the high honors and dignity of the Crown, has been detrimental to its prosperity.

“No sooner was the election of the last Bashaw announced, and his coronation celebrated, than he made use of the public shack to meet his private calls, and the welfare of this people, under the misgovernment of this ill-advised Prince, came near being wrecked and dishonored.

“By the seasonable relief afforded by the discovery of the Adder Tongue by Edward, the celebrated Shack-Master-General, a crop that not only supplied the needs of my people with that

delicious; and wholesome vegetable, but has also served to call the attention of bordering nations, who are on all sides petitioning to become Colonies.

"These petitions have been noticed by the appointment of two Ministers Extraordinary, one of whom has ever been a man in the hearts of my people, foremost in office and foremost in battles; the other, a man of large talents and influence.

"A treaty offensive and defensive was made with the *Jug Nation*. They are to furnish my people with black jugs, tea pots, night hawks and shack pans; we to supply them with adder tongue, leeks, cowslips, and good copper-distilled whiskey!

"Our faithful Colony, the people of the Rag Nation, have not only paid their proportion of the public expense in that article, but have an abundance to loan; but government having a large supply on hand none was contracted for. The present appearance is that rags, the staple commodity of that colony, will be plenty in market the next season, and of the first quality, at a reasonable price.

"Our fisheries were, for a time, interrupted so much that Uncle John's pork barrel began to cry aloud, 'Suckers, or I am empty.'

"Our colleges and seminaries of polished learning are rapidly progressing in the fine arts. Music is carried to the highest pitch, and to the band I have thought proper to add the Jews' harp and triangle.

"Our manufactories are very flourishing. Pigeon nets, shack baskets, and hair seines are the workmanship of the most refined ladies in my Empire.

"A dumb institution, from the earliest period, has been going on at Pageville, with unparalleled success, while a blind school, under Bishop Jonathan, has recently been established at Bidwellsburgh for the instruction of the Owl, the Mole, and Pups that come into the world with their eyes shut!

"Our finances have been largely increased by the abundant raspberry harvest, which has surpassed all expectation, and supplies my subjects with a delicious luxury. The elderberry also gives promise of being an abundant crop. In our beech orchards the trees are loaded with nuts, of which the samples shown me by our beloved Shack-Master General are beautiful and luscious.

"The demand last year on the Shack Department was very great, in consequence of my people, from religious scruples, abstaining from the use of pork. The requisitions upon the stores of the Shack-Master-General will this year be less severe, as I am informed by a communication from my loyal subjects that they have substituted the *ground hog* for pork. .

"I have to lament that one of my Giants, having trained up a valuable breeding slut that brought pups into the world

with their eyes open, she was secretly abducted by that evil, envious Giant, who, contrary to law, hung his barn doors with iron hinges, and refused to sell cheese before it was out of the press. So deadly a blow at the *pupulation* of my kingdom would have proved fatal, had not Levi, a son of the Postmaster-General, arrived at this peculiar exigency of the nation with his full-blooded bull-breeder, whose capability and skill in *pupulation* quieted all fears on that subject. He also brought much shack and some dry cod, which gave him a cordial welcome! Although the administration of my predecessor was, in many respects, a failure, yet it must be allowed that he was right in the case of his son-in-law. This young adventurer, after having clandestinely secured the affections of the Bashaw's eldest daughter, the heiress apparent and crown princess, applied to the ex-Bashaw for a loan of fifty dollars, which was virtuously and indignantly refused! His conduct became afterwards so very offensive to the ex-Bashaw and his lady, that they, in the interest of public morals and good government, banished him from the nation."

After His Majesty had finished his speech from the Throne, he repaired to the castle of the Crown Prince and partook of a sumptuous dinner of Bog Turtle, served up in the most elegant manner by the Arch Duchess of Hungary Bav. When the cloth being removed, loyal and patriotic toasts were drunk in honor of the day, full particulars of which will appear in our next issue of the *Intelligencer*.

UNADILLA, N. Y., June 30th, 1892.

E. R. WATTLES, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir:—Allow me to express my gratification at being able to attend, by your invitation, the Centennial celebration at Sidney Centre, and to have counted one, in the aggregation of gray heads that were in attendance. It was a very notable and enjoyable occasion, which the several orators emphasized eloquently and impressively. Please oblige me by apologizing to Mr. Beakes, the president of the day, for not responding to his call when I was leaving the wigwam, for the fact was that, from my interest in the exercises, I had sat longer than was prudent, and from a chilliness caused by my physical disability and long sitting, insufficiently clad, I was obliged to withdraw. But the audience lost nothing by my so doing.

Ample justice had been done the subject by the various speakers, and I could only have added to what they had so well said, my approving, responsive, amen! I could have elaborated a little in regard to Tripoli, which, under distinctive forms and

ceremonies, had an acknowledged local government, with Bradley Shaw duly enthroned as "Crowned Prince," and "Bidwellsburgh" as the capital. The ceremonies of coronation took place at the hotel of Daniel Beach, and the notable characters who officiated thereat were Judge Sands, Wm. Taylor, Elijah Taylor, Col. Wm. Dewey, Henry Bradley, and my father, all fun-loving men, and men of prominence in their time. But the pomp and royalty of those days has passed, and even Tripoli has been contented to form an integral part of the American Republic. The memory of the good old times, in which our progenitors were conspicuous and original in their methods of enjoyment, is a pleasant theme to dwell upon, and excites our reverence for those days and the people.

I remain as ever,

Truly yours,

SAMUEL NORTH

Born May 1st, 1814.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., June 23d, 1892.

E. R. WATTLES, Esq., Sidney Centre, N. Y.:

I thank you for the invitation to attend the Centennial observances at Sidney Centre on the 28th inst. I also regret that I cannot attend. You do well to observe the occasion and to secure as many items as possible of the early history of the vicinity and its first inhabitants.

There has been a reprehensible lack of care in such matters; and many interesting occurrences are now lost forever.

My grandfather came to Unadilla in 1794 or 1795—I think the former year—and my grandmother died in 1850, when I was 23 years old. From her, and other old persons who used to visit her, I heard much of the early settlers and early incidents of the vicinage—Judge Wattles, "Esq. James Hughston," the father and mother of the late "Munson Betts," and others.

Of Sidney Centre I heard less. But I know that Miss Lydia Knapp, daughter of Dr. Colby Knapp, of Guilford, taught school at "Tripoli," the "Niles District," before her marriage to the late Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, which took place 1824 or 1825.

About 1859 I met Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson at Unadilla, on her return from Delhi, and from her learned that she had stopped at the "Old Niles Place"—then occupied by Samuel Niles—to look around and get her bearings.

And I have heard of wonderful "chronicles" of the period, principally concerning residents of "Tripoli," of which one

Bradley Bradshaw was the titular "bashaw" or sultan. Likewise that the use of iron hinges and fastenings for his barn door by "Esquire Niles," was looked upon disapprovingly as an innovation likely to lead to luxury and effeminacy.

Hoping that the occasion may be pleasant and useful in saving from oblivion the names and deeds of the early forest chivalry.

I am,

Very truly yours,

P. P. ROGERS.

FRANKLIN, June 10, 1892.

E. R. WATTLES:

Dear Friend:—Your Centennial note thankfully received and I mean to be there. Kortright, my native town, furnished the town of Sidney many of its early settlers, all worthy of remembrance. Sidney as a town is old in settlement along the river, but it became a *town*, set off from Franklin in 1801.

I have hardly seen you in late years, but I hope to renew old, and, what I almost thought, true friendship.

Hastily yours,

G. W. REYNOLDS.

NORWICH, N. Y., June 29, 1892.

MR. EDWIN WATTLES:

Dear Sir:—Many thanks for your kind invitation to attend your centennial. It would give me great pleasure to be with you on that eventful day; yet owing to the extreme heat we must expect at this season, I very much doubt my being able to make one of your number.

Respectfully yours,

ABNER JOHNSTON.

REV. BENJAMIN P. RIPLEY'S PRAYER.

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we thank Thee that though Thou art often called upon to help and bless those who pray unto Thee, Thou art ever willing and able to listen to and assist such as depend upon Thee. The remembrance of all these years, whose mercies we have been permitted this day to celebrate, brings before us how often our fathers lifted up their voices to Thee because of the frequency and stress of their necessities, and how as frequently and completely Thou didst hear and provide for them. We are emboldened by their example and thy gracious dealings with them, now at the end of the great stretch of years, to ask again of Thee favors that may not be as immediately urgent as those of the former time, but as consistent to be sought and really as indispensable in order that we may spend this hour as we ought and become recollected, subdued, and truly grateful in view of all the mercies which Thou has allowed to culminate in this occasion.

We thank Thee that our fathers believed in Thee, for we have seen how that faith steadied and inspired them in the minds of their hardships and responsibilities, and enabled them to plan so wisely for themselves and their children. Our obligation to Thee and them is deepened by the greater advantage with which we may take hold of life; and the mastery of ourselves is rendered easier and more likely because we not only have the example of their faith and fortitude and obedience, but because we have inherited those tendencies calculated to make us what Thou wouldst have us be.

We are the more grateful to Thee, O God, when we remember that those who have gone before us found the bulwark of their belief and character in the Christian church, which church has extended her lines to us, through whose same blessed communion we have found protection, consolation, and spiritual growth, and out from which have gone influences continually helpful to the community.

And now as we are gathered to celebrate the centennial of the churches of this place, we pray Thee to be in all our thoughts, that we may be wise in our discriminations, learning how by the prayers, self denials and personal appeals of our fathers they were used by Thee to win men and establish these societies which have since grown to be the centers of power and good we know them to be; and may we also have the sense to profit by their mistakes, that we may not lose sight of the fact that Thou dost not waive the law of error no matter where that error may be found, that so, O Lord, we may be kept from presumption and in that humility proper for and beneficial to each one of us.

Help us, we beseech Thee, to resolve upon more consecrated lives and greater fruits than have hitherto been true of us. May we feel that with the increased facilities for getting and imparting good over those enjoyed by our ancestors, we should be better men and women, and enabled to accomplish much more for Thee in the world. So may the advantage of listening to the histories and reminiscences which shall be presented at this time be to us the clearer insight spiritually, the more earnest endeavor practically and the greater success in all directions in lifting up the cross of Jesus Christ and in persuading men to accept Him who died upon it for them.

Keep us, O Lord, with sanctified influence over each other in faithfulness to every trust, from the temptations that are still in this world, and with a large place in our memories for those who have preceded us, until we all come an unbroken company around Thy throne, which favors grant unto us for Christ's sake,
AMEN.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

The history of the Baptist Church in Sidney Centre may properly be said to date back to the year 1815 or 1816, when Elder Simpson, of Masonville, held a protracted meeting here, which resulted in the conversion of thirty persons. In 1817 a church was constituted, which, after a year or two, disbanded because some were of the opinion that it was an encroachment upon the territory rightfully belonging to previously existing Baptist churches. Its members then aided in forming the church on the Ouleout, known as the Sidney and Unadilla Church. After a few years, becoming convinced that the disbanding was a mistake, the church re-organized at Sidney Centre in 1828 with twenty-two members. Of all these not one is now living, and the oldest person in the church now is Mrs. Ruby Smith, who was baptized in 1830 or 1831, and has continued in the fellowship of the church since that time, more than sixty consecutive years. During the interval between the disbanding and re-organization, Elders Simpson and Wattles had the oversight of the Baptist interests in this place. Very few, perhaps, can remember Elder Simpson, but many here can recall Elder Wattles as he appeared in his later years. He was the immediate ancestor of the Wattles family, many of whom are present to-day. The first pastor mentioned was James Clarke, a licentiate from Massachusetts, who was ordained here and remained a short time only, probably till the disbanding of the first organization. The first item in the records of the church formed in 1828 is in regard to a meeting held in a school-house (probably near where Mr. Sagendorf now lives), called to make arrangements to receive a council which had been invited to recognize the new church. This meeting was held June 14, 1828, when Articles of Faith and a Church Covenant were adopted. The Council, representing four different churches, met July 2d, and gave formal sanction to the new undertaking. The first covenant meeting was held July 19th, Elder Simeon P. Griswold, moderator, who served the church till May, 1830.

During that year we find the names of Amner Kingley, Tucker, Baldwin and Griswold as administrators of the ordinances. About sixty persons were baptized during the years 1830-31, when Elder Baldwin, then a young man, was laboring so zealously and untiringly for the upbuilding of the infant church.

And there are those now living who date the beginning of their religious life back to his efforts, who received baptism at his hands, and who still hold him in loving remembrance. No doubt he should be classed among the early pastors of the church; but the records make no mention of any such relation. In 1831 the church commenced to occupy a missionary station at Hamden, where an independent church was soon afterward formed.

During the years 1832-33 the names of Elders Crane and Griswold appear several times as administrators, and in 1834 Elder Simpson was received into the church; but for some reason this caused an unhappy agitation which was kept up for some months, until a council was called and peace again restored.

Lewis Raymond, Jr., who was well known to the older inhabitants of this town, was baptized in 1830, and licensed by this church in the following year to preach the Gospel. His has been a record of continuous and successful work, which it were well to emulate. He was ordained at Laurens, Otsego county, in November, 1831. After continuing in the pastoral office for ten years he resigned that to enter upon the work of an evangelist. In this he was remarkably blessed, being instrumental in the salvation of many souls, and planting the churches of Johnstown, Delhi and Unadilla, N. Y., and Honesdale, Pa. In 1844 he went west, and for a period of more than thirty years had little or no communication with the church here. In 1878 he wrote a letter to be read at a meeting of the Association, which was held here in that year (the same being a sort of semi-centennial celebration of the formation of this church), in which he said that he was then in his 71st year, and had been permitted to preach the Gospel for forty seven years, baptize 2,300 persons; plant eight or ten churches, preach nearly 10,000 sermons in eighteen States and Territories of this Union, and hoped that 15,000 or 20,000 souls had been saved through his efforts! I have spoken thus at some length of the life and labors of the Rev. Lewis Raymond, because starting out from this church in his youth he became so useful and so honored in the denomination of which he was a prominent representative; yet in that letter to which I have referred, after all those years, and the many and varied experiences through which he had passed, he hails the Sidney Centre church as his dear "old mother in the Lord."

No doubt there were many others in those early days who were just as devoted and just as self-sacrificing as he was; but

time and the limits of this paper forbid that I should dwell at length upon their work and its results. Still it might be truthfully said that to-day we have entered into and are enjoying "the fruit of their labors." Some time in 1834, six years after the formation of the church, we came upon this record: "Voted that we will give of our abundance for the support of Elder Simpson for his preaching, to us half the time for the ensuing year." This is the first record of any arrangement with any one to serve as pastor, and the first mention of any remuneration for services.

Then one name after another appears on the record of those who came and went among the people, speaking unto them the "things concerning the Kingdom" until 1849, when Elder J. Amner commenced his second pastorate, continuing till May, 1851, when he was stricken with paralysis and died seven years after. He was a godly man and a devoted pastor, and the only one who did his last work with this church.

The next event of importance in the History of the Church was the building of a house of worship. Previous to 1852 all the meetings of the church had been held in private houses and school-houses; but in the fall and winter of 1851-52 a revival meeting was held in the school house, conducted by the Rev. Wm. Burnside, which resulted in numerous conversions, and in the addition of quite a number to the Baptist church. After much useless talk and some dissensions, and much discussion of ways and means without arriving at any decision as a society, one man finally said, "I will begin the work." No sooner was the first blow struck than most of the church and society were actively engaged in hewing timber, drawing stone, laying foundations, and in various ways doing their utmost to forward the undertaking. In due course of time, under the direction of Wm. Stilson, the building was raised, enclosed, and driven forward toward completion. On the first day of January, 1854, covenant meeting was held in the new church, of which the members often spoke in after years as being a season of great rejoicing and thanksgiving. After a few more weeks the building was finished and dedicated, Elder Levi Morse preaching the sermon. It remained as first built until 1869, when it was repaired and enlarged. In 1853 Bro. James Teed, for more than twenty years an active lay member in the church, was licensed to preach, and afterward ordained pastor of a church in New Jersey. But the strenuous effort put forth in the building of the meeting-house was followed by a season of relaxation and depression till, in 1855, the church was without a pastor, and only an occasional service was held.

About the first of December, the same year, the Rev. A. B. Earle, then living in Franklin, commenced a series of meetings

here which were continued five weeks with surprising success. A large number were converted, the church generally was much revived, and a goodly number were added to its membership. It was during Elder Earle's meeting that Rev. E. H. Covey came on the field as a licentiate, and was ordained pastor of the church the following May. In 1860, as a result of his labors, a branch was formed at Little York (now Loomis), which, in 1861, became an independent church. During the continuance of the civil war one pastor, the Rev. S. P. Brown resigned and accepted a chaplaincy in the army. During the next few years a number of different men, whose names will be given soon, succeeded to the pastorate, or were engaged to supply the pulpit.

In the winter of 1872-73 Rev. Lewis Raymond (before mentioned), of Chicago, visited Sidney Centre and preached eight times, to the great satisfaction of those who listened to him.

In 1874 Rev. N. Ripley, of Masonville, commenced preaching to this church, one sermon each Sunday, at 2 o'clock P. M., and continued for two and a half years. Then for a time we shared our pastors with the church at Unadilla, having only one sermon each Sunday, sometimes in the morning and sometimes in the afternoon. In the spring of 1883 we secured the services of E. W. Saphore, a student in the University at Hamilton, who, after a few months, resigned, going to Philadelphia, where he was ordained pastor over one of the churches in that city.

Then for five years we rejoiced in the labors of Rev. E. J. McKenna, another Hamilton student, who was ordained here February, 1886. Three years ago Rev. W. W. Onderdonk came to this place, and, during a pastorate of two years, several were received into the church. Although during that time there was never what might be called a sweeping revival, yet the church was favored by the ministrations of different Evangelists, much to its profit and advantage. The call to the pulpit, the year's work, and the ordination of our present pastor, the Rev. E. N. Fletcher, are events of such very recent occurrence that they need no further mention in this connection.

Were it within the scope and purpose of this paper it would be very pleasant, and, doubtless, profitable to speak of many who have made up the rank and file of this church during all these years. Those who were its constituent members; those who joined it in its infancy, and those who identified themselves with its fortunes in later years. Noble men and devoted women, who toiled and wept and prayed, who loved the church and were ever ready to sacrifice themselves for its good, who have wrought patiently and served faithfully, and are now entered upon their reward. Do you ask who they were? Their names are found upon the records of this church and upon the marbles in our cemetery. Or, perchance, at the call of duty they went from us

only to do similar work in other places and among other people, and be laid to rest among other scenes and mourned by other friends.

Yet it seems not only fitting, but, as it were, simple justice, to mention in this connection the name of Deacon S. R. Smith, who has so very lately gone to take possession of his Heavenly inheritance. For more than forty years a constant and devoted member of this church, bearing his full share of its burdens and doing much of its work, ever in his place, and giving willingly and gladly both time and money to advance its interests. He is gone and who can fill his vacant place; take up and carry forward the work he has laid down?

The records of the church, especially during its earlier years, are very incomplete, and it is difficult to fix upon the exact facts when differing versions are given of the same occurrences. Of course the progress of this church has not always been in sunshine and prosperity. There have been difficulties and dangers, trials and depressions; times when there seemed no rift in the clouds, and, saddest of all, is the remembrance that sometimes her enemies have been those of her own communion. It would be well could all unpleasant things in the past be forgotten, or remembered only as warnings to save us from future wrong doing.

The names of those who have served this church as pastors, or stated supplies, are as follows: James Clarke, N. Wattles, Elder Simpson, Simeon P. Griswold, James Amner, D. B. Crane, Lewis Raymond, Elder Sherwood, Ransom Hunt, Lewis Robinson, E. L. Benedict, Sylvanus Smith, E. H. Covey, S. P. Brown, G. P. Turnbull, Frank Fletcher, E. C. Bourne, E. Wright, J. W. Lamoine, G. A. Smith, D. T. McClymont, A. Reynolds, N. Ripley, D. Van Fradenburg, G. E. Flint, J. A. Baskwell, E. W. Saphore, E. J. McKenna, W. W. Onderdonk, E. N. Fletcher. The present deacons are A. G. Wheat and S. E. Pomroy. The church constituted in 1828 with 22 members. In all 252 have been baptized into the fellowship of this church. Whole number of pastors, 30; persons ordained, 3; persons licensed, 2; mission stations instituted; growing into independent churches, 2. The longest pastorate about six years; house of worship built in 1852; repaired in 1869; again in 1883. Parsonage built 1857. Present membership, 100.

MRS. MARY E. FISHER.

HISTORY OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

With your consent, I will give a brief history of the Congregational church of Sidney Centre before giving that of the Methodist Episcopal church.

This church had an existence 38 years. As a factor in forming the religious character of this village, it should be recognized here.

It seems fitting that I should volunteer to give this sketch.

1st. Because as one of the committee on program, I did not think to give a place for our Congregational friends.

2d. Because I love the Congregationists. Loved one sufficiently to take her "for better, for worse" for life.

3d. And chiefly because I am pastor of the church with which most of the old members have cast their lot.

In 1851 several members of the Walton and Sidney Congregational church were residing at Sidney Centre. They were embarrassed in their efforts to do good and shut off from many privileges by living so far from the church. They also saw the need of a public place of worship in this vicinity.

They asked their brethren to set them off and assist in forming a Congregational church. This request was granted and a meeting was held at Horace Baker's, March 13, 1851, in the evening. A short sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Baldwin and a church was organized.

The following is a list of names I judge to be the petitioners above mentioned:

William C. Shannon

Pene Shannon

Oliver J. Shannon

Caleb S. Benedict

Eliza A. Benedict

Linus Hanford

Esther Hanford

Edward S. Benedict

Polly Benedict

Betsy Bishop

Caleb Wood

Abigail Wood

Abel Benedict

David Baker

Horace Baker

Martha Baker

Others soon joined by letter and on profession of faith.

CHURCH BUILDING.

I take the following account from a letter written by Alvin Cooper, now of Jefferson, N. Y., the first resident minister.

The enterprise of erecting a church edifice started with a union of the three denominations, M. E., Baptist, and Congregational. The work had proceeded but a little way when one, I believe the Baptist society, fell out and determined to build by themselves. The Congregational and M. E. proceeded in the union, but soon this was broken off by the other society and the Congregationalists were left to go on alone or do without. Then they determined to arise and build by themselves.

They took hold with their own hands, got out the timbers, put up the building, and paid off all bills, and sister Horace Baker said to me that they all wore better clothes when they had done it than they did before.

It was a work of faith. I have heard my father-in-law, Wm. H. Manwarring, say that he subscribed to it all he dared, not knowing where the money was to come from, and repeated it three times as the work went on. He was not at that time a member of the church, but used to boast that he struck the first blow for the building. A company had gone to the woods to select timber, and while others were talking his axe went into the tree that was to be felled. Deacon Hanford was much chagrined at this, for he wanted the honor of striking the first blow; and it would have naturally have fallen to him, but his Yankee neighbor was too quick for him.

At the dedication of the house the Rev. J. S. Pattengill was called to preach, and among the sharp sayings that were remembered was this: "The Devil helps to build a good many meeting-houses." It should be recorded that Parker Fletcher gave the land.

After the erection of the house the congregation was supplied for a couple of years by Profs. Geo. Kerr and E. F. B. Orton, of Franklin. It was during this time that I, then a student in the Delaware Literary Institute, became acquainted with the place, by occasionally filling an appointment for the Professor at his request. This was during the spring of '53 and the months following.

The first of July 1854, under a license from the Delaware Presbytery, I took charge of the congregation, as their first resident minister, staying with them for 13 months. At this time the church consisted of 36 members—18 males and 18 females.

We received \$100 aid from the American Home Missionary Society. In my farewell I told them that I had purposed from the start that they should refund that \$100, and that I had carried out my purpose, without any interference with their free moral agency; and I read them the report of our benevolent contributions for the year, amounting to just the \$100. Brother Manwarring, who was brought up a Methodist, said that was a little mean, hitting him in such a way as that, but he let me car-

ry off his oldest and best daughter as a wife, who makes a Presbyterian, true blue.

There was some religious interest during my stay at the Centre, but it did not culminate until the winter following, 1855-6, when under the labors of Elder Earl, as an evangelist, there was a large ingathering in which I was permitted to rejoice, as in part the fruit of my sowing, numbers dating their conversions back to that time.

I find that after the union was dissolved between the Methodist and Congregationalists the latter relieved the former from obligation in the form of subscriptions for a Union church. Records are very imperfect. For several years little besides the reception of members by letter or on profession of faith is recorded.

May, 1858, the first mention of a preacher (as pastor) is made. The record is "hired A. J. Buel to preach half of the time for a while." * * * Aug. 8, 1858, Edward S. Benedict, Wm. T. Buel and Samuel Niles were appointed delegates to meet with delegates from other churches to form a Congregational Association. Brother Cook says: "I imagine that the decline of this church was due in part to the organization of an association at this time, which took the Congregational churches out from the care of the Presbytery and left them without proper supervision and support." Whatever the cause the church did decline.

A list of members, Jan. 1, 1875, show 34 members. From this to 1889 there are no records. May 5, 1889, at a special meeting the trustees were instructed, by an unanimous vote, to take measures to have the church property sold to pay the indebtedness and turn over the balance to the Congregational Union. This was done and \$200 paid to the Congregational Church Union.

The pastors were Prof's George Kerr and E. F. B. Orton, 1852-53; Alvin Cooper, 1854-5; A. J. Buel, 1858-61. Brother Buel was ordained by a council, Feb. 21, 1861. S. S. Goodman, 1862-64; Callahan, 1867; S. N. Robinson, 1868.

The Deacons.—Lines Hanford, Daniel Clark, William Seely, Seely Wood, Edward Benedict, Wm. H. Manwarring, James M. Benton and Chester Pomeroy.

Jan. 1889, a meeting was held for the purpose of disbanding. All members were given letters, signed by the clerk, D. W. Benedict. This closes the history of the Congregational church of Sidney Centre.

The church building was purchased by Messrs. Beakes and Barker and converted into a dwelling and hall for the R. L. U. Society, to the sorrow of many. But the poet has truly said:

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,

But the scent of the roses will cling to it still."

C. B. PERSONEUS.

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

C. B. PERSONEUS, Pastor.

Thalheimer says we learn of former times by three kinds of evidence: Written Records, Architectural Monuments and Fragmentary Remains.

Of these the first alone can be considered as true sources of history, though the latter afford its most interesting and valuable illustration.

The written records of the early Methodists of Sidney Centre are very meagre. Their history is undoubtedly written on high, but as we have not had access to that record we have found it exceedingly difficult to gather much that can be depended upon as authentic.

As to illustrations: The architectural monuments are also limited the present church building only remaining. The old school-house, on what is now known as the Sagendorf farm, and other places where meetings were held are gone. The fragmentary remains—I have not found them. When and by whom the first class was formed we have been unable to ascertain, but judging from the history of that religious movement called Methodism, with its circuit system and itinerant ministry we can safely infer that a Methodist class was early formed, and the stillness of the wilderness early broken by the voices of itinerant preachers.

Certain characteristics have marked the development of the Methodist Episcopal church in all places, which are not wanting here.

The early Methodist went forth fired with the conviction "that God's design in raising up the Methodist Episcopal church in America was to reform the continent and spread scriptural holiness over these lands." The prominent doctrines of "justification by faith," the "Witness of the Spirit" and sanctification, were proclaimed with earnestness and awakened opposition.

It is a lamentable fact that for frivolous causes christians of different denominations have opposed each other. From a true history of the past we shall see that the fathers never saw eye to eye. Methodist, Baptist and Congregationalist each claiming to have the true doctrine and try to defend it. The memories of the past will tend to retard the growth of fraternity.

The fathers have grasped each other's hand in lasting brotherhood, and if they could speak would they not urge us to peace. Ours is a connectional church, and at an early date Sidney Centre was a part of Otego circuit with its dozen or more appointments.

The following are early preachers I have heard mentioned but can find no recods to show when they preached or to what order of ministry they belong :

Charles Starr, Justice Soule, Andrew Peck,
Ebineezer Shultz, Wm. G. Queal.

Sister Polly Pomeroy is the oldest member now living. She was received in 1833 by Daniel Eastwood. Meetings were then held near what is now known as Youngs Station.

The Pastorial Record of Wyoming Conference gives A. E. Daniels as pastor of Otego charge in 1834. Brother Daniels is living at Morris and retains vigor of mind and devotion of heart. In 1839, Joseph Hartwell was preacher in charge. Brother Hartwell lives at Binghamton and is waging a vigorous warfare on Romanism. 1840—Philip Bartlett. Benjamin Ferris has been mentioned as one of the preachers about 1846. After 1848 I can give a complete list of preachers having gathered it from the Conference Minutes. 1848, A. R. Wells and Joel Davis. 1850 51 Wm. Burnside and Wm R. Lynch. Brother Parker Fletcher was class leader. In the fall of 1851 some religious interest was noticed in the meetings.

Satan often enters the church by way of the choir. It seems to have been his plan at this time. There were two choirs and jealousy threatened to hinder the work. By strategem brother Burnside "got the start of the devil," as he says. He pitched his own hymns and preached. At the close of the sermon he made a call for sinners and fifteen came forward to the anxious seat. Meetings continued ; all denominations taking part. In four weeks about seventy professed conversion ; some of whom still live to tell the power of saving grace. The best element of the community was reached ; principally young married people.

Some strange demonstrations attended this work. Conviction was deep and pungent. Strong men could not rest day or night—some mistook their convictions for sickness, only discovering their mistake when boneset tea had failed to recover them of their malady. A. R. Wells, the successor of brother Burnside, wrote of this work in the *Northern Christian Advocate*, 1852.

He said "the young members are of the best timber." He spoke very highly of brother Burnside's work in getting people converted—a trait he has been noted for during his long ministry.

Strengthened by the occasions from this accessions from this revival the Baptist, Congregationalist and Methodist were encouraged to build their churches in 1852. A charter was secured, trustees duly elected and the church went up. It was dedicated in December, 1852, by the pastor, A. R. Wells. Abraham Gilbert, Lewis Baldwin, James Patrick, Samuel Cook, William Eaker, were the first trustees. From this time forward there is a record of the Quarterly Conferences which show a steady devotion to the work of the church at home and abroad. While large sums have not been contributed for missions and the other benevolent enterprises of the church, they are sufficiently large to show a constant remembrance of the obligation to "go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," to "do good to all men."

In 1853 Henry Halsted and L. E. Marvin were preachers. Brother Hartwell writes of Henry Halsted: "When I was not more than nine years old, I heard my older sister speak of the pathos and moving power of Henry Halsted's exhortations. He was evidently distinguished for power and effect of exhortation."

1854—L. Sperry and H. Halsted. 1855—L. Sperry. 1856—M. B. Cleveland and E. Orwin. 1857—The change was made from a fall to a spring Conference and M. B. Cleveland was returned with a supply. 1858-9—O. Ellerson and T. M. Williams. Brother Ellerson is remembered as vender of the wine plant, which he sold to take the place of whiskey. Has not the cause of temperance advanced in the last thirty or forty years? 1860-1—Wm. Southwarth. 1862-3—L. V. Ismond. 1864—A. C. Smith. 1865—L. Sperry. 1866-7—A. M. Colgrove. 1868—W. R. Cochrane. 1869—The Wyoming Conference was formed and Sidney Centre fell within its bounds. G. M. Mead was pastor for two years. 1871—Sidney Plains was set off and H. A. Blanchard appointed to Sidney Centre. He served two years. 1873-4—A. W. Thompson. I have received a letter from brother Thompson. It is sometimes believed that ministers children are a little worse than other peoples. I have letters from George and Arthur Thompson, George is now preaching at Highland Falls and West Point on the Hudson and has done successful work as a member of the New York Conference for several years. Arthur, since his graduation at Boston, has been a member of the same conference and at present is its treasurer. He is stationed at Warwick. Ada is married to another member of the same conference, stationed at Livingston Manor. Walter, who was born at the old parsonage, is studying for the ministry and goes to college this fall.

I take this extract from letter written by George : " Somehow in the heart of the village of Sidney Centre I feel very much at home. The day of my dwelling there, as a son of the Methodist minister's family, were darkened by sin : yet there came to my heart influences which were answers to prayer which produced permanent results for good. Had the drink curse been removed from that place, I might have known less of sin. * * One of of the anticipated pleasures of my life is to preach the gospel, which now saves me unto those with whom my influence was probably evil."

1875-6—George Parsons. Brother Parsons writes of his daughter and son Charles. Charles is now pastor of Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal church, Brooklyn, one of the most important churches in Methodism. He speaks of the death of his wife while at Sidney Centre, after a life together in the itinerancy of over forty years.

1877-8—A. G. Bartholomew. One of the advantages of our itinerant policy is illustrated in the history of this period. Brother Bartholomew went west in 1878. Five months before Conference, instead of the church being without a pastor for these five months, as it might have been under Congregational policy, Rev. A. Brown was employed by the Presiding Elder to supply the charge until Conference. For over 60 years this church has not been without a pastor. And it is the rule throughout the connection that the societies, however weak, are never without pastors, nor the pastors without societies.

1879-81—S. Homan. 1882-4—C. H. Hayes. During his pastorate the old parsonage was sold and the present built. 1885—H. A. Blarichard. 1886-8—E. A. Baldwin. A revival occurred during the second year. 1889—W. R. Turner. 1890-2—C. B. Personeus.

Known to all are the doings of the church during the past three years so I will not recount them here, but they are spread upon the church records so that at the next Centennial my successor will have something concerning this period. The report published in the Conference minutes of 1892 is in part as follows.

Membership. No. of probationers, 40; No. of full members, 218; No. of baptisms, 21. Paid on old indebtedness, \$40, leaving the church property free from debt. Benevolences, for missions from church, \$67, from Sunday School, \$23, total \$90; for other causes, \$28. total benevolence, \$118. Ministerial support for pastors presiding elders and bishops, \$734, for worn-out preachers, \$22; total \$756; grand total \$874.

The Methodist Episcopal church has stood in this community as a light. Sometimes its light has been flickering and dim; but on the whole we believe an impartial judge will say it has

done something to spread these truths for which the church was raised of God. There is much that cannot be written. Who can write the "joy and sorrow which have mingled together like sunshine and rain."

At that altar the penitent sinner has left his burden and carried away the assurance of sins forgiven. That henceforth has been "The Hallowed Spot."

There is a spot to me more dear,
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear
Ssprings grateful from its fountain.

T'is not where kindred souls abound,
Tho' that is almost heaven,
But there I first my Saviour found
And felt my sins forgiven.

At that altar over 500 have been received into the Church on probation since 1856. There many have received the outer sign of the inner work of grace—baptism. There they have publicly confessed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and taken, voluntarily, the vows of the Church. At that altar infants have been dedicated to God in baptism. At that altar the bride and bridegroom have plighted their vows each to other. There the sacrament of the Lord's Supper has been duly administered and the death of our Lord shown forth. Up these isles the solemn procession has moved, and within that chancel the loved form of father, mother, husband, wife, child or friend, has been viewed for the last time on earth. There two worlds meet and but thin the veil between the family in heaven and on earth. Many members have died in the triumphs of faith and it is still true "our people die well."

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS BY C. H. GEROWE.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen :

The Committee of Arrangements in preparing this programme, has seen fit to assign to me at the close of the exercises of the day a part which, though not intended to add particular interest to the occasion, proves at this time to me a very pleasant one. As you have listened to the speakers of the day, and have noted the interest of this large and attentive audience, you will agree with me that this has been an auspicious occasion, and it is with pride and pleasure that I am permitted, at this time, to congratulate you one and all upon its success. To-day has been an eventful one. We have met, and, in a manner befitting the occasion, have celebrated the centennial year of the settlement of our beautiful valley. I say our because most of us here present first saw the light of day within its bounds ; others, like myself, from childhood up have known no other place as home. I say beautiful in that sense because commingled with it and its surrounding hills are associations and memories which are dear to us all.

The reminiscences of the past, as they have been recalled by those who have taken part in these exercises, indissolubly link together the past and the present, the yesterday and to-day of our lives ; and with them is brought new hopes, new desires and awakened within us new and higher aspirations.

It has been said that this world is but a stage, and we are only actors placed upon it. What inspiring scenes have been enacted—scenes of pleasure, and, perhaps, of sorrow ; scenes of success, and, perhaps, of failures ;—personally we can know but little of them ; we rely upon history and the personal recollections of those who, like some here present to day, whose grey locks indicate that they are acting, as it were, as the connecting link between the past and the present.

We know and understand that as the curtain raises to-day that we are the actors upon life's stage, and with what success we perform our part in the great drama is not for us to measure,

but for those who come after us, for to-morrow new actors will take our places, and we shall be accorded by them that degree of honor and usefulness as our surroundings, our privileges and our opportunities shall warrant.

We are to be congratulated that we live in an age of advancement. We are to-day enjoying more and better privileges and advantages than it were possible in the days of the first settlement of this valley; the evidences of man's intellectual powers and inventive genius are to be seen on every hand. What vast and important changes have taken place in these one hundred years! We cannot compare Sidney Centre of to-day with Sidney Centre of a hundred years ago, only as we compare the busy settlement full of life, energy and enterprise with the unbroken wilderness, with no sound to disturb its quiet. We can make the comparison within the memory of some here present, but I leave it with you to draw the contrast.

Not all the changes of an hundred years have occurred within our little village. Year by year has brought with them advancement and changes in the surrounding hillsides; one by one the historic landmarks of early days are disappearing; one by one the earlier settler's cabin has gone to decay; the place where once they stood is marked to-day by the substantial, and oftentimes the magnificent farm house, surrounded not by the primitive forest trees, but by the broad expanse of meadows, waving with their abundant harvests. While we review these evidences of advancement, prosperity and thrift with certain feelings of pride and admiration, we are reminded of our increased responsibilities to those who shall come after.


We are building day by day, unconsciously though it may be, not a charnel house wherein may be buried our lives' mistakes and errors, but a monument, as it were, for the future, and the character of our work upon it will determine its beauty, grandeur and stability. Everyone shall with their own hands, by their own individual efforts, contribute to its completion. The little child, as it strews with careless hands its toys about it, has its part in such a structure. Youth, in its buoyancy and hopes, will not be excused; manhood, full of vigor, energy and enterprise, will ever have an important part in the work, and woman, slowly but surely raising to that position of equal rights and privileges to which she is entitled, will claim and secure the right to lay the cap-stone and proclaim its completion. There may be, there probably will be defects, but in the symmetrical proportions of the whole they will be lost and forgotten, only the good, the noble acts of our lives will stand out to be admired and approved. For, when a hundred years shall come again, when the second centennial celebration shall be held, as I do not doubt it will be, the June breezes will be

wafted over this valley the same as to-day. The busy hum of a thousand growing and increasing industries will arise from every quarter; the beauties of nature and art will be viewed with the same, and, perhaps, with increased pleasure, not by you, not by me, but by ours, and our memories shall live not alone by how much we have done but by how well our labors have been performed.

We, as citizens of this place, are to be congratulated that we have in our midst the "P. L. U.," a society to whom we are in a measure indebted for this day's interesting and instructive exercises; its very name denotes advancement, knowledge and strength. "Progressive Literary Union," with such a motto sustained by the individual efforts of its members will, we hope, continue to advance and grow in numbers and in strength.

Allow me, in behalf of the citizens of this place, to extend thanks to those who have come in among us to-day from adjoining towns. They have honored us with their presence and entertained us with their remarks. May this day and its pleasant reminders be to them a bright page in their life's book, now nearing its completion. I would not at this time forget to extend the thanks that are due and are hereby tendered to the Committee of Arrangements, who have had the preliminaries of this celebration in charge. They have labored earnestly and faithfully for its success, and I doubt not that they are entirely satisfied that their labors have not been in vain.

Truly the first centennial celebration of the settlement of the valley of Carr's Creek has been a success.



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